

Poetry.

Far from the Madding Crowd.

BY DICK STEELE.

O bear me away from the pleasure,
The mirth and the voices of song!
From the glare of the lamps, and the treasure
Of the roses I cut.

Bring me the joy of the morning,
And the softness of the night;
Let the pleasure, false phantoms, and folly
Laugh scornfully back at my sight.

The leaves that are greenest shall wither,
The birds that are fairest shall die,
The song that has called me to the shrine,
Shall sink to an echo in the sky.

The hand that is reaching for pleasure
Shall sink in the coldness of death,
The voice that wills forth the glad measure,
Will faint and dissolve in a breath.

O, souls that forever can slumber!
O, hearts that are ever at rest!
O, eyes that by myrads outnumber
The virtues by millions professed!

O, years that are foolishly squandered,
Good purposes lost in the past,
O, feet that have restlessly wandered,
Death mocketh such fancies at last.

The fool of to-day is to-morrow
The boasted and petted of kings;
The self, who a pittance would borrow,
Is changed to a wearer of rings.

The price of the head of a people,
By slaves is torn down from his throne,
The dove, cooling low in the steeple,
Falls dead at the iron bell's tone.

But "out!" cry the voices of ages,
The barque, Time, plys the lash,
We make for our history pages,
As headlong we heedlessly dash.

Change cometh too slow for our action,
Impatiently champing the bit,
We whirl in the wildest of faction,
And feed the fierce flames we have lit.

Seasonable.

The year is wearing old,
The weather's growing cold,
And soon will hasten southward geese in
flocks, flocks, flocks;

And people weatherwise
Now gaze upon the skies,
And speak of the autumnal equinox, "no,"
"no."

And now the parlor stove,
Dumb witness of true love,
Exchanged and refitted by kisses sweet,
Sweet, sweet,

Is to its place restored;
Once more in sweet accord,
Beside it youthful lovers soon will meet,
Meet, meet.

The winter's cold lay in,
And fill up every bin
Before the rise in prices has begun,
"gun,"

For when the weather's cold
The dealer growls and holds,
And adds a couple of dollars to the ton,
ton.

Again the season's come
When married men go home,
And try to play the old familiar dodge,
dodge,

By saying, yes, my dear,
'Tis very late, I fear,
But then we've had a meeting of the lodge,
lodge, lodge.

Selected Tale.

FARMER BRINKLEY'S HIRED MAN.

"Whatever shall we do, Frances?—Old Brindle has pushed down the bars and let all the cattle out of the pasture lot. They are roaming in the wheat field, and in the garden, and everywhere. They are trampling everything into the ground, and will kill themselves with the grain." Farmer Brinkley's younger daughter exclaimed, in great dismay.

patiently waiting just outside the open window, must unavoidably hear all she was saying.

But Lulu, in defiance of her sister's injunction, walked straight to the door and opened it in her own pretty and attentive way.

"Mr. Brinkley sent you?" she queried, civilly.

"I am Jerry, at your service," he replied, in a curiously hesitating voice, touching his exceedingly dusty hat with a wonderfully graceful salute; and Lulu noticed that his smile was beautiful, and that his teeth were very blue and white.

"You have no lunch, I dare say," she said, with a deprecatory glance toward the frowning sister. "I can give you cold meat and pie, and a glass of milk; and then you can look after the cows; they are doing dreadful damage in the wheat, I am afraid," she concluded, anxiously.

"Perhaps I had better look after the cattle first," he answered, and Lulu marvelled that his manner of speaking was so very agreeable. "But I shall need some directions," he continued, still regarding her with that puzzling expression in his clear, keen eyes.

"I must go with you, I suppose," said Lulu, with a rueful glance toward the deserted kitchen.

And tying a quaint calico sun-bonnet over her bright, brown curls, Farmer Brinkley's busy young daughter walked bravely away by the side of the new hired man.

"Thanks. I shall do very well without you now," he remarked, after he had been guided to the little dairy set in the side of a hill, to the tool-house, and to the pasture lot where the bars had been broken and displaced by the rebellious horns of old Brindle.

"I am glad, too," she said, simply. "I was baking when you came; and things do burn so when there is no one to watch the oven."

"But Miss Brinkley is there," he commented.

"Frances?" she returned, with a little stare of bewilderment that was delightful. Then with an amused laugh she said: "My sister is too handsome to be useful. She defeats work, and knows nothing about it."

As she went back singing toward the house, he gazed after her until the graceful figure vanished among the vines that embowered the entrance to the kitchen.

"What a bonny creature she is," he thought. "A girl with a warm heart and sensible head; a girl honest, and true, and sweet. I have dreamed of such as she; and perhaps I shall not be sorry for my delay here until Brinkley comes back. Fortunately, loneliness is always irksome to me, and I am used to this sort of employment; besides, meanwhile I have that charming little jewel of womanhood to study. I have always understood that the elder sister is the more captivating, but I am inclined to fancy that there is a mistake somewhere."

Time passed swiftly and pleasantly, bringing at last the day of Mr. Brinkley's return.

On that morning Frances came down from her room in exquisite attire. Her mood was particularly radiant and particularly exacting.

"Jerry, I wish you to make haste for once," she called, in her most offensively overbearing accents to the new man, who was breakfasting in the kitchen. "I want the pony phaeton brought round the instant you are done with your breakfast. I shall drive to the station for father and a gentleman who comes with him. Do you think you can remember?" she added, with an abrupt, patronizing amiability.

"I will try," was the answer, made with a singular chuckle, that was not audible to the young lady.

"And, Lulu, you will be obliged to make ready my best white muslin; do be a little painstaking with it, you have become frightfully careless with my starching. Father says that Mr. Waldron has very fastidious notions about women's dress, and I want to look my nicest to-night. He has the finest dairy-farm in the State; his income is immense, and he has a house like a palace."

Just then Jerry arose from the table, and whistling with questionable indifference, sauntered out upon the lawn.

But Frances did not go to the station to meet Mr. Brinkley and the desirable guest.

A half hour later the summer sky was black as ink and the rain was coming down like a deluge.

In the midst of the storm and before his time, Mr. Brinkley arrived. Jerry, sheltered from the rain and from observation in one viney corner of the kitchen piazza, smiled quietly behind the newspaper he was perusing.

Lulu's bonny face was scarlet.

"Oh, Frances, how can you do so," she remonstrated.

"I do not do so," was the bold assertion. "You are in love with the fellow and you dare not deny it. You always did have a taste for menial associations, and I am not surprised that you prefer the society of the boorish and ill-bred hired man."

"But I do not understand," said the farmer. "What new hired man do you mean?"

"The one you sent," Frances explained.

"But I sent none," he answered.

"Then he is an impostor; and Lulu has treated him as if he were a king. I suspected he was a vagabond all the time," Frances declared.

There was a profound silence. The elder sister was exulting over the petted Lulu's obvious distress and mortification; and the father meditated.

"Why is not Mr. Waldron with you, father?" Frances at length inquired.

At the inquiry, Farmer Brinkley sprang to his feet.

"I have it; by Jove, I have it," he exclaimed. "I'll wager anything you like, Frances, that the man you suspected to be a vagabond is Jerry Waldron himself. I met him the day I went away; he had not received my dispatch, and had come here that we might arrange a business matter. I was pressed for time and could not wait; he had a few spare weeks that he could spend as he pleased. So he promised to remain here and look after things until I should come back."

"Impossible," Frances gasped in consternation.

Mr. Brinkley laughed.

"Mistakes are always possible," he said, dryly. "And if I am not mistaken, Waldron looked rather forlorn and shabby this morning. The weather was horribly hot and dusty; he had been traveling several days, and, besides, somebody had appropriated his valise. But was there really any flirting, little girl?" he asked Lulu with a roguish twinkle in his kindly eyes.

Jerry Waldron, in his corner under the vines, could listen no longer. He flung down his newspaper, walked straight into the sitting room, and paused beside the lovely, bewildered Lulu.

"There has been something more serious than flirting, old friend," he announced, as the two men clasped hands in the most cordial manner.

"I love your daughter, and I want her for my wife. Forgive me now," he whispered to her. "The role that was offered to me was too tempting to decline."

"Lulu shall marry whom she likes," her father said very soberly.

"But, Jerry, you are taking from me the most endearing child who ever gladdened a father's heart and home."

Frances had hidden her abashed countenance in the sofa cushions and was sobbing nervously.

The farmer went over to her and placed his hand gently on her humiliated head.

"Never mind," he said, soothingly. "We all make mistakes sometimes."

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for the Children.

BY HAMILAN R. HALLAND.

[Mary Trauer was a Pittsburg servant-girl who saw a little child belonging to the family for which she worked, playing on the railroad track in front of an express train, ran and picked it up, and was herself struck by the engine, but at the instant threw the child so that it was picked up unhurt. The girl was frightfully mangled and died after two hours of agony.]

In the glow of a summer sunset
Fish-bellied curving rails of gold;
And carelessly between them
A blue eyed baby's rolled.

From his busy-working mother
The boy had slipped away,

And along the dusky canvas
Was happily at play.
A roar!—and a ponderous engine
Came swinging round the bill,
Mocking the stunner of play
With its dead, mechanic thrill.
Not much is the thrill of the maiden,
With cry and gesture wild,
Who springs in front of the monster
To save her master's child.

She tussles noharm'd the boy;
But gives her life a ransom
For a father's and mother's joy.

So the name of Mary Trauer
Shall be renowned in song,
For among the deeds of heroes
Her deed and death belong.

The Kiss I Gave Tom Thumb.

—
BY ESTELLE MENDELL.

Now that one of the smallest and yet
greatest wonders of the age has passed
away in the death of General Tom
Thumb, everyone is busy recalling their
remembrances of him. For more than
fourty years he has been known to the
public. So thoroughly did he visit every
part of our country, and some portions
of Europe that his name is a household
word, and the memory of his happy face
and chubby form will be cherished
almost like that of a family friend.

I shall never forget my introduction
to him. For weeks after I had been to
"the village" with my father and seen
the wonderful posters announcing "Bar-
num's Show," I lived chiefly on the ex-
pectation of going to see it.

How conscientiously I tried not to soil my clothes, or wake little sister when asleep, but be a good girl in general!—for many times a day I heard, "Now Dolly, if you want to go to the show and see Tom Thumb, you must" or "must not"—well, do every thing that was good and nothing that was bad.

I thought the day never would come. I had counted those which came before it on my fingers, and turned them down one after another until they were sore and lame, but at last it dawned bright and clear.

In my new kid shoes, white nighor hat and muslin dress, which had been purchased and made with reference to this very event, I rode with my parents to the village of A., some five miles distant, in time to see the show "come in."

To go to the circus in those days, about thirty years ago, was not the common occurrence which it now is. There were only two or three circuses in the United States, and Barnum's then as now was the largest. (I can not stop to quarrel

(last statement.) The locomotive did not hurry such establishments with lightning speed from cities to large towns merely, but strong horses drew them leisurely to the humbler villages as well. To see them "come in," in their gargeous trappings and then unload and pitch their tent as by magic, was, and still is one of the best and most interesting features of such a show. Many who were too scrupulous to attend the show proper, regarded it as no breach of Christian conduct to witness all this.

Of the show which I am describing, and which was similar in many respects to those of the present time I can distinctly recall only three things.

One was the elephants, so mammoth in size! Why, Delivar and Jumbo are mere pligmas compared to them, as impressed upon my childish vision, and I can almost feel again the creeping withering fright with which I walked among them, holding my father's hand. Another and pleasanter curiosity was the man without arms, who fired a pistol with his feet and nimbly cut paper dolls and other things for the crowd, holding the scissors most easily with his toes.

But longest to be remembered of all was the dwarf, General Tom Thumb, who was named Charles S. Stratton

He was about sixteen at this time, only twenty feet high and weighed less than twenty pounds. He was fresh from his three years' visit to Europe where he had been the wonder and admiration of all its ruling monarchs, and her majesty Queen Victoria had bestowed on him the title of "General."

I remember he stood upon a raised platform covered with red calico or flannel. Mr. Barnum announced that all the little girls under seven years of age who would come upon the platform and kiss this young general would be given a colored lithograph of him standing in a scarlet upholstered chair.

At once there was a fluttering of hearts and modest blushing of faces among the little folk. Then were consultations held with papas and mammas, and after a general smoothing of dresses and straightening of locks, ribbons and ruffles, the army of little misses began to ascend to the platform. Smack, smack, smack, went the little lips for half-an-hour. To be sure, all the kisses were not given in the most approved style, but we doubt not they are remembered by the givers as vividly as certain other memorable kisses received in after years.

years ago, I was a young fellow with my freckled cheek to his tiny lips, for I could not, somehow or other, summon courage to kiss so distinguished an individual.

But I received a picture, just the same, which was framed and hung in an honored place, and is still a treasured keepsake.

In view of the facts in the case, I suppose I should have entitled this article "The Kiss that Tom Thumb Gave Me."

The Newport Mercury.

JOHN P. FARRINGTON, Editor and Proprietor.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S PROCLAMATION ISSUED TO-DAY.

Thursday, the 29th of November, the day of Thanksgiving, and the day of the closing of the year.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The following is the text of the President's Thanksgiving proclamation:

In furtherance of the custom of this people at the closing of each year, to engage upon a day set apart for that purpose in a special festival of praise to the giver of all good, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby designate THURSDAY, the 29th day of November next, as a day of national Thanksgiving. The year which is drawing to a close has been copious with evidence of Divine goodness. The prevalence of health, the fulness of the harvests, the stability of peace and order, the growth of fraternal feeling, the spread of intelligence and learning, the continued enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, all these and countless other blessings are cause for reverent rejoicing. I do, therefore, recommend that on the day above appointed, the people rest from their labors, and meeting in their several places of worship, express their devout gratitude to God that He hath dealt so bountifully with this nation, and pray that His grace and favor abide with it forever.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and eighth.

(Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
By the President:
FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

Governor Cameron of Virginia says that the readjusters are sure to carry Virginia at the coming election; Mahan and his doctrine seem to be all powerful in the Old Dominion.

Providence is anxious about her coming Mayor. There is lots of good material and the difficulty is in choosing between the candidates. Many want ex-Mayor Doyle again; others are in favor of Gilbert F. Robinson and others are for D. Russell Brown. The election occurs in some three weeks.

We hear it loudly rumored that if Butler carries Massachusetts next Tuesday, he will send a couple of thousand dollars into Rhode Island this fall for the Democratic party to pay registry taxes with. Butler wants Rhode Island's vote in the next National Democratic Convention. There is no doubt but that Butler expects to be the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

The Boston Journal and Globe appear to have a high idea of each other's value and worth. They are now engaged in betting upon the election and incidentally upon the distant relatives of the two gubernatorial candidates, who, each claim, died in the poor house. The sum total of the amount put up is two cents.

One of the advantages of the English system of locking the passengers in the cars is that they stand a chance of getting their brains knocked out occasionally by some drunken or crazy person. A few days ago a gentleman was attacked by a lunatic in a compartment of a car on a London suburban railway, and beaten till he was insensible. The only other occupant of the compartment was a lady who was unable to aid the gentleman. She, however, when the train arrived at a station, gave an alarm, and the lunatic was secured.

The N. Y. Graphic which makes a loud boast of its independence, seems to be leaning more strongly towards the Democracy than many well known Democratic papers. It has just now set itself to the task of harmonizing the three Democratic factions in New York, so that they may carry the city and the State Senate. It thinks the Republicans have had their way long enough. Perhaps that is so, but according to present appearances, there is very little likelihood of harmony in the Democratic ranks.

Ben Butler in a recent speech informed his hearers that he should take his seat if elected Governor of Massachusetts, whether elected by fraud or not. At the same time he took occasion to hurl a slur at Tilden for not seizing the Presidency in 1880. He said: "Well, now, I want it distinctly understood that my name is not Tilden. I say my name is not Tilden, and if I am elected Governor of Massachusetts I shall take the seat and exert the power. No, my friends, no little rebellion here. I have smelt gunpowder, and I shall not be frightened by garlic. The people, if they elect a Governor, will have one, and I advise every man to take that well to heart."

The Democrats of New York city are divided into three factions and are carrying on a delightful little quarrel over the spoils of office. There are the county Democracy, the Independent Democracy and Tammany; and the distance between them is growing broader each day. They will all have tickets in the field and all keep up a great appearance in a belief in victory. All this is decidedly interesting to the Republicans who see in it a chance to carry the State Senate, which will compel Gov. Cleveland to submit his nomination to a Republican Senate, and they expect to gain several assemblymen, as well as gobs up here and there a few city offices.

No Cure! No Pay! Dr. Lawrence's Ointment, when once used, takes the place of all others. See our advertising columns.

It is pretty generally conceded, says the N. Y. Post, that Mr. Randall's chances for being elected Speaker of the new Congress are steadily improving. The free trade candidates like Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cox continue to make statements at regular intervals that they are sure of success, and that Mr. Randall has no hope whatever, but the drift of Democratic sentiment is unmistakably against them. The reasons for Mr. Randall's strength have been apparent all along. He is in favor of liberal appropriations for internal improvements, in favor of the abolition of taxes on whiskey and tobacco, and against any damaging debate on the tariff question. All these positions give him strength in the South especially, and his tariff attitude gives him strength in the party everywhere. Nothing has been clearer for months than that the Democrats were determined, from motives of prudence, to let the tariff alone till after next election.

A cattle-owner of Montana was in Winnipeg, Manitoba, a short time ago. He engaged a room at a hotel, and went out for the evening. During his absence an English nobleman came to the hotel, and no room being vacant, the clerk gave him that of the Montana man, who, being only a "common person," could not be supposed to object to such a proceeding. But that was just what he did do. When he heard of it, and before five minutes had passed, the poor Englishman was running wildly out of the room, crying "Murder!" There was no murder, however, but the Englishman had to take a cot in the hall, the Montana man got his room and the clerk was very careful afterward not to try experiments with common persons from Montana.

Gen. Sherman has received houses and other presents worth \$50,000 since he became general of the army, exclusive of the \$40,000 worth of diamonds given by the Khedive to Mrs. Fitch, and since divided among the general's daughters. For the past fifteen years he has been paid \$17,500 a year, and he will draw this salary until his death.

Beecher's Votes.

A Brooklyn dispatch says: Beecher has returned from his lecture tour, jollier and fatter than ever, and richer by about ten thousand dollars than when he went away. His vacation has been three months long, but he might extend it to six if he chose, for he is in no possible danger of losing his pulpit, his hold upon the affections of his congregation or his salary of \$20,000 a year. He is the most independent pastor in America. No matter how far or sudden he departs from the orthodox standards, his people go right along with him. In society and politics, as well as in religion, they stick together. They usually vote solidly alike in local elections. Brooklyn is now in a Mayoralty canvass, and it is yet undecided how Beecher will bestow Plymouth's ballots. One candidate is Seth Low, who has in holding office one term completely reformed the city government; but it was he who chose Beecher's mortal enemy, the Rev. Doctor Storrs, as orator for the opening of the Brooklyn bridge; and shall that be forgiven? The opposing candidate is Joseph C. Hendrix, fully a match for Low in character, ability and good intentions; but he is a Sun reporter, and the Sun was powerfully against Beecher all through the great scandal; and can Plymouth men vote for his enemy?

Navy Intelligence.

Chief Engineer George F. Kniz has been ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island; Ensign W. B. Caperton to examination for promotion; Passed Assistant Paymaster T. H. Roxner, jr., to the Michigan; Passed Assistant Engineer Jefferson Brown to the Colorado; Lieutenant Edward W. Very has been ordered to special duty at Paris, France, under instructions of the Department; Lieutenant R. H. McLean placed on waiting orders; Lieutenant C. K. Curtis ordered to temporary duty on the Albatross; Paymaster J. P. Loomis to wait orders; Chief Engineer Montgomery Fletcher placed on waiting orders; Chief Engineer W. D. Smith placed on waiting orders; Passed Assistant Engineer J. J. Barry to duty on the Asiatic Station; Assistant Engineer E. R. Freeman ordered to the Trenton; Lieutenant Robert H. McLean has been ordered to the Alliance; Chief Engineer David Smith to duty at the Navy Yard, Washington; Passed Assistant Engineer F. M. Ashton to duty at the Navy Yard, League Island; Lieutenant W. L. Field has been detached from duty on the Asiatic Station when Rear Admiral Crosby hauls down his flag, and granted leave of absence for six months with permission to remain abroad; Passed Assistant Surgeon Ernest Norfleet to the Naval Hospital at Yokohama; Lieutenant C. M. McCartney ordered to the Wyandotte; Chief Engineer John Lowe from the Navy Yard, Washington, and ordered to the Yantic.

Says an exchange: It is expected that there will be a sharp advance in the price of carbolic acid after this week. Most of the campaign orators on both sides want a good supply with which to rinse out their mouths. They will use it undiluted, and leading dealers are already cornering the article in anticipation of a great demand.

November Election.

On Tuesday next will occur the annual fall elections. Ten of the largest states hold their election on that day, and in most of them the governor and state legislature is to be chosen. Massachusetts chooses a governor and all of her legislature. New York chooses all of her legislature, secretary of state, controller, attorney general, engineer and surveyor. Connecticut will choose one-half its senate and its whole house of representatives. Maryland will choose its governor and the other state officers, and its legislature. Minnesota will choose its governor and the other state officers. Mississippi will choose its legislature. Nebraska will choose a justice of its supreme court and regents of the state university. New Jersey will choose its governor, part of its senate, and its whole house of representatives. Pennsylvania will choose its auditor-general and treasurer. Virginia will elect part of its senate and its whole assembly.

Washington Territory.

The Governor of Washington Territory, in a message to the legislature, rehearses the resources of that territory, which is about to apply for admission to the Union. In the following enthusiastic strain: "Forty-five millions of acres of timber, coal, pasture and mountain lands; mines of precious metals, quarries of limestone, marble, granite, slate, and stone and beds of mica; ocean front and inland soil, many lakes and rivers, affording thousands of miles of navigable waters, all alive with an hundred varieties of fish, some of them of great value; water power; a climate of even temperature, and healthful; grand scenery of water and mountains, facilities for manufacturing the staples from our own material, wood, iron, wool and hides; maritime opportunities unsurpassed for internal, coastwise and foreign commerce; in a line to absorb the trade of Alaska in fish, fur, cedar and gold; to obtain the largest share from Asia in coffee, tea, opium, porcelain, silks and ivory; all of these are our resources and advantages, which will straightway place Washington Territory in the forefront along with the most prosperous countries on the globe."

According to the statement of the director of the mint, this country has \$1,730,537,823 of various kinds of currency—coin and paper—in existence. Of this \$400,000,000 is gold coin, and \$120,000,000 in silver coin and bullion. Of the silver only \$40,000 is in actual circulation. So it appears that the paper currency is over one billion dollars, enough, it seems, to satisfy any greenbacker.

A Massachusetts exchange seems to have hit the political situation in that State exactly. It says: Political hotheads are going up and down the State declaring that "Butler is going in by 20,000," or that "Robinson will sweep the State by a rousing majority." Between the reader and the writer, they know nothing about it, and they are merely shouting to keep their courage up. There are any number of undetermined factors in this campaign. Nobody can tell much about it. And we apprehend that the leaders on both sides to-day have their hearts way up in their throats for fear they will be whipped.

Wolves are still sufficiently numerous in the Black Mountains of North Carolina to be very troublesome to the farmers by destroying their sheep. The State pays a bounty for their scalps, and considerable sums are paid out for their destruction.

Both parties are confident of carrying Massachusetts next Tuesday. Butler expects to get in by 20,000 majority, and Robinson calculates on about the same majority. Next week will tell the story.

Failures in the business world are growing more numerous of late than they have been for many months. On the whole the business situation is far from satisfactory. With no perceptible improvement in prospect.

The latest thing out is for six or eight bridesmaids to meet the bride inside the church door and escort her up the aisle to the altar. In this way the bewildered bridegroom has to look out for himself or get left.

Facts are Stubborn Things.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbolic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and judge for yourself of its superiority.

The Weather in October.

Sergeant C. B. Cole, of the United States Signal Station in Boston, has issued his summary of weather observation for the month of October, which shows a mean temperature of 47.3°, which is much below the October average. The highest temperature was 80.4° on the 11th, and the lowest was 29.4° on the 23d. The total rainfall for the month was 6.49 inches, or 2.33 inches more than the October average.

Serious Accident.

John Malloy, a laborer in the employ of the street department in this city, was fearfully, and at first thought fatally, injured by a premature blast at the quarries on Conant's Harbor Island last Saturday morning. Malloy was engaged in drawing the charge when it exploded, throwing him a distance of thirty feet, terribly bruising his face and head. When picked up he was unrecognizable, one hand was nearly torn off and several ribs were broken. He was removed to his home on West Broadway and Mrs. Turner and Barker attended him. He is still living though recovery is doubtful.

The first steps were taken, Thursday evening, to form a new benevolent organization to be known as the Newport Association of the Northern Mutual Relief Association. The association is after the plan of all the Mutual Relief Associations, only it confines its membership to New England, the Middle States, Maryland and District of Columbia. The headquarters of the General Association is in Boston, and the institution is organized under the laws of Massachusetts. The President of the General Association is Dr. Gallagher of Concord, N. H., one of the leading citizens of New Hampshire. Mayor Franklin of Newport is one of the directors.

Some eighteen months ago a Mr. McGowan residing somewhere in the South came here to find his son, whom he had not seen since he was a small child, but from all he could learn he believed he was in Newport. He returned home without finding him. The young man was discovered a day or two ago in the person of William McGowan, a young man about 18 years old, who had been in the employ of Messrs. Swinburn, Peckham & Co., and Carl Hering.

The old Minus Wooden one story house on Caleb Earl street and West Broadway, is to be moved off, it having been sold to J. H. Peckham, and Frank Morgan is to build on the same place a three story building 33x23 feet. The first floor is leased to J. H. Peckham, the second floor is also let, and the third floor will make a hall if any party desired.

The officers of the Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, have this week paid to Mrs. Gardner of Jamestown, widow of the late Allan Gardner, three thousand dollars, the amount of the benefit derived from his membership in the Royal Arcanum. This is the fourth death in this council since its organization.

A society has been formed in the Unitarian Rooms, Boston, for the week, for the improvement of church music. J. S. Dwight, the eminent musical critic, is the President, and Rev. G. W. Wendell is the secretary.

"Fred" Frisch who has been spending a few weeks in Germany, for pleasure and business, is on his way home in the Servia, and will arrive early in the coming week.

Capt. Henry Sherman Clarke, of this city, died at his residence on Washington Square, yesterday afternoon.


Mount Adams in Washington Territory was recently ascended by a large party who reached an elevation of 12,650 feet, where they descended 100 feet into the crater. A snow was dropped, and there was an almost deafening reverberation.

President Arthur sustains the position of the Postmaster General relative to the Louisiana Lottery matter at New Orleans, where the lottery managers sought to get their mail through a national bank.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



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THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HAND OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER. SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP. AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

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Another Lot of Curtain Poles Just Received, Prices Way Down.

TRUNKS AND VALISES,
AT BOTTOM PRICES.

BIRD CAGES, BRASS AND PAINTED,
LARGE STOCK JUST RECEIVED, VERY LOW.

THE BEST CARPET SWEEPER, WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, EVERY HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD HAVE ONE

Lamps, Lanterns AND Fixtures.
CURTAIN POLES WAY DOWN, AT THE
ST. NICHOLAS, - 205 THAMES STREET,
DAILY NEWS BLOCK.

SENSIBLE AT THE BEE HIVE!

When a sensible person passes a show-window and sees attached to various articles of merchandise, figures which indicate a "mark down" of about one hundred per cent, he very naturally comes to the conclusion that it was a good thing he did not buy at that store before they began to lower prices.

Such a view the NEWPORT FURNITURE CO., 10 Washington Square, believe the public take of such questionable business methods.

With the NEWPORT FURNITURE CO., no glittering display of "mark down" figures is necessary, for when an article comes from their factory, the bottom figures are placed upon it at once.

Being their own manufacturers, and carrying as they do so vast a stock of everything to furnish a home complete, a small profit in every line suffices to pay the way, and purchases save any middlemen's profits.

The volume of business done at their store explains that their **SELL AT LOWER PRICES THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE STATE.**

This great Newport House Furnishing Co., is a branch of the well-known Providence Furniture Company now the largest in the United States.

By special arrangements with the steam-heating company, parties purchasing goods of this company will have them delivered by the company's teams, free of expense, on Conant-st, in Newport, or any part of Rhode Island.

Careful men accompany the teams and set up the goods satisfactorily.

FOR SALE!

HAY, at \$18 and \$20 a ton.
BRAN, " 20 " 22 "
OATS, " 45c " 50c a bu.
MEAL, " 65c " "
CORN, " 70c " "

C. S. MURRAY,
298 THAMES STREET,
GEO. NASON,
Upholsterer,
JOHN STREET, Near Spring,
Has just received a few pieces of desirable goods for coverings:
Cashmere, Raw Silk & Jute.
Fine Upholstered Furniture,
and the VERY BEST MATTRESSES of any kind made to order.
These furnishing or repairing will do well to suit.

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Made from best quality Deer skin. They have no equal for wear and hand service.

Give Them a Trial

We have them in light and heavy weight.

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Beautiful Design,
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Combustion Perfect.



Appurtenances Complete.
Meeting with great favor when introduced by reason of its peculiar form, artistic merit and beauty of workmanship, it has steadily made friends through its powerful heating qualities, economy of fuel, general cleanliness and ease of management. For sale by
A. C. TITUS, SOLE AGENT.

MASON PRESERVE JARS,
A FEW MORE LEFT AT
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JELLY TUMBLERS,
TWO SIZES, WITH COVERS, AT
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CHAMBER SUITS.
Headquarters for CHAMBER SETS, and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS at bottom prices. I will not be undersold.
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